

THE TRUE AMERICAN.

Devoted to Universal Liberty.

VOLUME I.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY.

JUNE 24, 1846.

NUMBER 49.

TERMS.
Published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, or THREE DOLLARS if not paid within three months.
Five copies to a club for Ten Dollars.
To non-subscribers, one dollar per annum, in advance, or three dollars if not paid within three months.
Subscriptions out of Kentucky sent in advance.
Remittances at the risk of the Editor.

AGENTS.
PAUL SCHWARTZ, General Agent, 8 E. corner of Walnut and Fifth streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.
CALVIN H. MARSHALL, Agent for the New England States, No. 128 W. Washington street, Boston.
FREDERICK W. WARD, 115 N. Main street, New York.
E. D. DILLON, S. W. cor. of Green and Ridge roads, Philadelphia.

Flag of Capt. Cassius M. Clay's Company presented to the Cavalry Regiment.

By the following correspondence, it will be seen that Capt. Cassius M. Clay has presented the flag of his veteran company to Col. H. Marshall, to be used as the colors of the cavalry regiment commanded by Col. M.

CAMP OWSEL, June 16, 1846.

SIR:—By the consent of our company, I present you with our flag as regimental colors. The company which I have the honor to command was organized in 1789, and is two years older than our State Government.

In 1813, it fought two battles, and at Raisin was cut up to six men. Since the first formation, it has been in regular organization, and known as the "Old Infantry." It voted to go out as a company, is now mounted, and known as the "O. I. Cavalry."

In trusting our colors to your protection, we give you the highest assurance of our high estimate of your honor, ability, and fidelity to our common country. When we return to our homes, may it never be asked, "where are your colors?" Respectfully, your old servant,
C. M. CLAY, Capt. O. I. C.

CAMP OWSEL, June 16, 1846.

SIR:—In behalf of the regiment of Volunteer Cavalry which I have the honor to command, I receive the flag which your company is so kind as to present, and will adopt it as the regimental colors.

It is needless to assure you that it will not be disgraced whilst in the charge of Kentucky's sons, and such assurance becomes entirely superfluous, when I remember that your own company, the successors of the men of 1813, belongs to my gallant corps.

The State of Kentucky has a claim on every volunteer, to which none will prove recalcitrant. She entrusts to them her military reputation. It is but the duty to be fought, we will follow this flag and remember that its folds were given to the breeze at Raisin; if privation is to be encountered and hardships borne, we will remember the sufferings of those men whose fortitude triumphed over the rigors of the northern climate, and whose gallantry brought victory out of disaster; if subordination is to be preserved, this flag shall prove the halcyon of peace, and will successfully summon every soldier to his duty.

We accept the venerable companions of the warriors of 1813. It has been the high privilege of the survivors of the accomplished fight to bear a flag with the dates of their battles, let it be the standard of every man's my reputation, and the standard, at the end of our service, with new figures added to the record of the battles from which it has been borne in triumph.

So far as you assure me of sentiments of kind regard and confidence, I receive your assurance, and with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, and shall endeavor by my acts to deserve a continuance of your favorable opinion.

I have the honor to be, SIR,
H. MARSHALL.

England and Mexico.

A contest with Mexico, however bitter its first fruits, need not, and we think will not, be attended with consequences seriously prejudicial to the national prosperity. The thought which now overshadows the country is, that the contest must induce European intervention. We do not doubt that English influence have been and are busy to induce and sustain the hostile policy of Mexico. But the question of an English war upon that quarrel, will be determined by the English government upon considerations of a different character.

Should our war with Mexico be so prosecuted as to indicate a determination to absorb that country, a serious question will arise between us and the civilized world. Setting aside that contingency, we should the government of England guard with an eye upon the Mexican question? She can gain no power by such alliance. No markets are offered to her, and her policy is, whether for war or peace, a demand for markets. She can expect to profit to any one of the interests that she cherishes. Her sympathies are in favor of protestantism, and cannot be against us, so long as our policy does not derange the balance of power. She has no motive to encourage or maintain Mexico in a contest with this country while the war does not wear the aspect of subjugation and wrong. We are not, therefore, prepared to believe that the English Government is a secret party in this war. The joint resolutions of our Congress remove every serious obstacle to an amicable settlement between the countries; and either England must have determined upon war, at the sacrifice of her most valuable interests, and in the absence of any necessity appealing to her fears or to her honor, or we have no reason to fear her intervention in a contest with Mexico, so long as the war is on our part confined within its proper limits. An attempt to conquer and annex Mexico, would be met by a combination of powers that we could not successfully encounter; but no such attempt can be sanctioned by the American people.

We infer that the country has nothing to apprehend from the conflict with Mexico, beyond the necessary results of any war with an inferior power; and that, unless we invite the danger, by our imprudence, we need not fear its results. If we are content to maintain our rights, without urging them into wrongs, there will be no excuse for European intervention, nor need we dread it.

The duty of our Government is plain. The war against Mexico should now be prosecuted with an energy that will insure its speedy and triumphant termination. There should be no such faltering and feeble policy as lengthened out the disgraceful Florida contest. Every muscle of the Republic should be taxed to the uttermost; all of which the country is capable should be achieved at once; and the contest be closed before it has time to diffuse its surface, and involve us with Europe.

Another Kidnapping Outrage.

A gentleman called at this office, and in our absence left a memorandum of another revolting and daring outrage perpetrated within the limits of our State. If the statement is correct, (and although a stranger, we have no reason to doubt that our informant has communicated,) Ohio will be too hot to hold the sordid, man-stealing, God-dishonoring wretch who was instrumental in accomplishing the dark deed of enslaving

a fellow being by arts that would make a pirate blush. The facts, as stated to us, are as follows:

A citizen of Cleveland thought he recognized in a negro, who had been in that place for some time, a slave who he had seen in Tennessee. He employed the negro to drive a team for him at \$14 per month, and in the mean time wrote to a friend in Tennessee, advising him of the circumstances. The person thus written to, bought from the supposed owner for \$80, his right and title to the colored man and repaired to Cleveland. The unsuspecting teamster was told by his employer that he and a friend were about to visit New Lisbon, and wished him to drive the carriage for them. On reaching New Lisbon, they told him that they were going to Washington, Pa., whether he was instructed to drive. They crossed the Ohio at Wellsville, and as soon as they reached the Virginia shore, the kidnappers presented a pistol, told their driver he was a slave, on slave territory, and his prisoner. Helpless and friendless, he was compelled to submit and was taken directly to the South.

The above particulars were mentioned at Wellsville, by one of the kidnappers. They aroused a great excitement which generally known, and an effort to pursue the kidnappers and rescue the colored man was about being made, but had not been carried into execution when our informant left. The kidnappers passed through Wellsville on Monday last, from which point the gentleman who called at our office represented himself as having just arrived. We await further information with great solicitude. Ohio State Journal.

CAMP OWSEL, June 16, 1846.

SIR:—In behalf of the regiment of Volunteer Cavalry which I have the honor to command, I receive the flag which your company is so kind as to present, and will adopt it as the regimental colors.

It is needless to assure you that it will not be disgraced whilst in the charge of Kentucky's sons, and such assurance becomes entirely superfluous, when I remember that your own company, the successors of the men of 1813, belongs to my gallant corps.

The State of Kentucky has a claim on every volunteer, to which none will prove recalcitrant. She entrusts to them her military reputation. It is but the duty to be fought, we will follow this flag and remember that its folds were given to the breeze at Raisin; if privation is to be encountered and hardships borne, we will remember the sufferings of those men whose fortitude triumphed over the rigors of the northern climate, and whose gallantry brought victory out of disaster; if subordination is to be preserved, this flag shall prove the halcyon of peace, and will successfully summon every soldier to his duty.

We accept the venerable companions of the warriors of 1813. It has been the high privilege of the survivors of the accomplished fight to bear a flag with the dates of their battles, let it be the standard of every man's my reputation, and the standard, at the end of our service, with new figures added to the record of the battles from which it has been borne in triumph.

So far as you assure me of sentiments of kind regard and confidence, I receive your assurance, and with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, and shall endeavor by my acts to deserve a continuance of your favorable opinion.

I have the honor to be, SIR,
H. MARSHALL.

England and Mexico.

A contest with Mexico, however bitter its first fruits, need not, and we think will not, be attended with consequences seriously prejudicial to the national prosperity. The thought which now overshadows the country is, that the contest must induce European intervention. We do not doubt that English influence have been and are busy to induce and sustain the hostile policy of Mexico. But the question of an English war upon that quarrel, will be determined by the English government upon considerations of a different character.

Should our war with Mexico be so prosecuted as to indicate a determination to absorb that country, a serious question will arise between us and the civilized world. Setting aside that contingency, we should the government of England guard with an eye upon the Mexican question? She can gain no power by such alliance. No markets are offered to her, and her policy is, whether for war or peace, a demand for markets. She can expect to profit to any one of the interests that she cherishes. Her sympathies are in favor of protestantism, and cannot be against us, so long as our policy does not derange the balance of power. She has no motive to encourage or maintain Mexico in a contest with this country while the war does not wear the aspect of subjugation and wrong. We are not, therefore, prepared to believe that the English Government is a secret party in this war. The joint resolutions of our Congress remove every serious obstacle to an amicable settlement between the countries; and either England must have determined upon war, at the sacrifice of her most valuable interests, and in the absence of any necessity appealing to her fears or to her honor, or we have no reason to fear her intervention in a contest with Mexico, so long as the war is on our part confined within its proper limits. An attempt to conquer and annex Mexico, would be met by a combination of powers that we could not successfully encounter; but no such attempt can be sanctioned by the American people.

We infer that the country has nothing to apprehend from the conflict with Mexico, beyond the necessary results of any war with an inferior power; and that, unless we invite the danger, by our imprudence, we need not fear its results. If we are content to maintain our rights, without urging them into wrongs, there will be no excuse for European intervention, nor need we dread it.

The duty of our Government is plain. The war against Mexico should now be prosecuted with an energy that will insure its speedy and triumphant termination. There should be no such faltering and feeble policy as lengthened out the disgraceful Florida contest. Every muscle of the Republic should be taxed to the uttermost; all of which the country is capable should be achieved at once; and the contest be closed before it has time to diffuse its surface, and involve us with Europe.

Another Kidnapping Outrage.

A gentleman called at this office, and in our absence left a memorandum of another revolting and daring outrage perpetrated within the limits of our State. If the statement is correct, (and although a stranger, we have no reason to doubt that our informant has communicated,) Ohio will be too hot to hold the sordid, man-stealing, God-dishonoring wretch who was instrumental in accomplishing the dark deed of enslaving

mate fruit in the attempt of Leconte. I am no very fervent admirer of M. Thiers, and certainly my sympathies, so far as I have any, are all with M. Guizot, and the great pacific and conservative cause to which he is attached; but this whole conduct of the *Debats* seems to me to be as unjustifiable as it is impolitic. A true, however, to those matters, I will only add, that from all quarters of France and from England, the warmest congratulations to the King on his escape, are hourly arriving, with the most sincere and earnest prayers for the preservation of his life.

There is a lesson here that some of my countrymen would do well to study. What is it that gives this priceless value to the life of Louis Philippe?—Why comes this affectionate veneration—this almost filial love, from all the best portions of the civilized world? Why is this august and venerable man singled out, amongst the monarchs of the age, as the special object of such extraordinary homage?—Thiers is not an answer to all these questions, and that answer is simply this—because Louis Philippe has made himself the steadfast champion and friend of peace.

His other great qualities have made him an able and sagacious ruler of France; but it is as a *Peace King* that he is now especially venerated, and that his memory will be forever enshrined in blessings. Are there no Cabinet councillors, Senators, and so on, in the United States, wise enough to read in this most pregnant and instructive history, the righteous and avenging retribution which will most assuredly overtake their names, if, for some paltry piece of doubtful territory, or for some factious shadow of what they are pleased to call national honor, or, it may be, from still lower motives of private spite or personal aggrandizement, they are ready to precipitate their country into the horrors and calamities of a long and bloody war?

The session of the Chambers, on the day that I was present, was not particularly interesting. The room had been crowded for two or three days previous to this, to hear the great debate upon the subject of the navy. The principal speakers were the two most brilliant orators of the assembly—Thiers and the poet and traveller, Lamartine. Thiers made a few explanatory remarks at the close of the debate. He is a short, rather stoutly-built, compact-looking man, with reddish hair, all distinguished or remarkable in his appearance, with a most unimpaired and husky voice. I saw, also, Odilon Barrot, the opposition leader of Thiers, but he did not speak. Guizot was present on the ministerial benches, but he took no part in the debate. The minister for foreign affairs is a much finer looking man than his opposition rival, but has a prominent nose and a high, bare, retreating forehead, which give him an oval profile. His hair is gray, but he is not bald. The general expression of his face is severe, staid and thoughtful, and his manner in conversation, full of earnestness and marked by noise and tumultuous confusion.

This is very common in all the deliberative assemblies of the French; and it grows out of the earnest and direct manner in which their discussions are carried on. If a man has any thing to say, he says it at once and is done—if not, he holds his peace. He has no long, elaborate, premeditated speeches for bare walls and for Buncoco. We have been once, since our return, to the Chamber of Peers. The sitting was dull, and we saw nothing new.

A week ago last Monday, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, I crossed the Seine, and went into a room of the Institute, where the Academy of Sciences holds its weekly meetings. The room is a long spacious apartment, ornamented with portraits, busts, and statues, of distinguished members of the Academy; Montaigne, Lavoisier, Buffon, Malherbe, Lagrange, Voltaire, &c. The portraits of Fenechon and Voltaire—the elegant preacher of Christianity, and its bitterest and most malignant foe—hang side by side. At 3 o'clock the seats for spectators, running round the hall, being already filled, the members of the Academy began to come in. Amongst the first, I at once recognized the distinguished Naturalist Dumeril, although I had not seen him for nearly twenty years. When I was a student we were in the habit of attending his lectures at the Garden of Plants. He is still erect and active, with thick snowy-white hair, and a face very much like that of Mr. Hoar, of Concord. Amongst the many brilliant and great reputations with which the room was soon crowded, I shall mention only a few. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire; the surgeons Roux, and Velpeau; Dutrochet; the chemists Gay Lussac, and Thénard, whose names are as inseparably linked together as the Siamese twins; Michel, the botanist; Biot the astronomer; Flourens, one of the perpetual secretaries; Baron Charles Dupin; and last, but certainly not least, the illustrious catalogue, the great astronomer, Arago's portrait, with his character and position. The harmonious correspondence between the *physique* and the *morale* of Daniel Webster himself—between the outside and inside of this great head—is not more perfect. He is very tall—certainly over six feet—with a frame of proportionate dimensions, and a slight stoop in the shoulders. His head is large, with gray frowzy hair. He has a large Roman nose, very prominent shaggy eyebrows; all the features of his face, indeed, are large and thick, but full of flexibility and expression, and not heavy. Excepting the Roman nose, the general character and expression of his face are not unlike those of Mr. Clay. He looks much more like a great Anglo-American—fresh from the land of nature—than like a Frenchman. You would take him for a man to do the work—to nurse the burning thoughts, and to speak the fiery words—of a Marston. He entered the room dressed throughout in a plain black suit, hanging rather loosely about him, his hat in his right hand, his surtout over his left arm, and a large bundle of papers under it, talking with great earnestness and animation to different members of the Academy. In conversation, and in reading the correspondence of the Academy, he uses a great deal of rapid gesticulation, with one hand at a time, first with one, and then with the other.

Respectfully your friend,
ELISHA BARTLETT.

To err—is Human: to forgive—Divine.

Education in Germany.

BY HENRY L. LOW.

So far as my observation and knowledge extend, the education in the higher Seminaries, in the Colleges, Gymnasias, Grammar Schools, and Universities of all western Europe, is very far superior to that in similar institutions in our own country. However disposed I am to lament that it should be so, the conviction is too deep in my mind that I should state it otherwise than fully and undisguisedly. When, however, the common schools are the subject of consideration, the result of the comparison is far less adverse to us, and the statement of their relative condition needs to be accompanied with many reservations in their favor. The Common School System of New England, while it surpasses, as a whole, that existing in most other countries, is yet inferior to that in Protestant and in a part of Catholic Germany. Also, so far as the results of education are concerned, while those who have received a liberal education in the higher Seminaries will be found to be better informed in subjects of Science and Literature, they will be observed to be less interested and intelligent in regard to public affairs. With those who have enjoyed the benefits of the primary schools, as compared with persons so situated among us, there will, with an equal amount of book learning, be discovered less mental activity. As Von Ranmer remarks, after returning from this country, "Your people learn to read, and they read: ours learn, but they don't read." As a counter-part to this remark, it might be observed by an American to a German, Our higher institutions undertake to teach certain things, and they do not teach them: yours undertake it, and do it.

To the honor of the German Princes be it said, they have duly appreciated the blessings of education. They have established schools, and encouraged learning. They have secured the services of qualified persons by offering adequate inducements. They have collected around them eminent scholars, placed them beyond the fear of want, and promoted them to posts of dignity and influence. Had they been narrow-minded and selfish, they might have reasoned, that education was inconsistent with monarchy; that by elevating and instructing their subjects, they would diminish their own consequence, and pave the way for Republicanism. But they have disregarded such considerations, and applied themselves to the education of their subjects as a duty at all events to be fulfilled. They, however, do not omit to guard with all vigilance against Political Liberalism; and this is the dark side of the picture. To religious and literary speculation in Protestant Germany, the largest latitude is allowed, except that it must not touch too closely the relation of Church and State.

Hence the demonstrations against Ronge and his coadjutors have not been prompted so much by hostility to his reforming opinions, as by the apprehension lest the *despotical school* would be a political movement, and the new ecclesiastical organization become subsidiary to revolutionary objects. To this must be added the disturbance caused in the financial administration of parishes by the intrusion of additional preachers. The ceremony of matriculation and the various documents respecting admission to the privileges of the University, relate almost entirely to the enormous expense of joining secret societies. To such is the jealousy of associations among students carried, that even a reading room has never been allowed to the students at Berlin. There exists a similar jealousy of the meeting of Professional men, especially Lawyers. A few years since a convention of lawyers was called in one of the western States of Germany, but Prussia forbade her subjects to attend.

The plan of public instruction in Germany comprehends the University, the Gymnasium, the Pro-Gymnasium, and Common Schools. Besides these there are the Mining, the Teachers, the Military, and the Real Schools.

The common schools are established by Government in all cities and villages; for in these the population is gathered, and the solitary school house is never seen by the wayside. They are kept always the whole year, excepting certain vacations at Christmas, Easter, Michaelmas, &c. The teachers are as much a part of the parish or Gemeinde as the minister. He has a house, garden, and school room, besides his salary, which is secured to him by Government. Besides his duties as teacher, he is bound to instruct the children in music, and on Sundays to lead the choir, and play the organ.

He is usually acquainted with Latin, although not accustomed to give instructions in it except by private lessons. His position in the Dorf or hamlet is generally intermediate between the Prediger, or preacher, and the Peasantry. In the Dorf they are the only two learned men. The peasantry have in their day learned to read and write, and the ordinary branches taught in our common schools; but they have little occasion for their accomplishments. All the stimulants existing in our state of society are wanting. As public affairs are in no wise affected by their wishes, they take no interest in them, unless they are concerned in the nearest possible manner. The connection between great measures of policy and their own personal concerns they seldom trace. They therefore neither take nor read newspapers. In a whole village the minister is the only one of the most part who receives a copy, and he lends to the Kuster, or schoolmaster, and perhaps the widow of his predecessor. They are a convenience confined to cities. There is a tendency to be impossible to find a newspaper published, as it would be found one in the United States without two or three. In these things a sure but gradual change is going on for the better.

Kentucky and Ohio.

Kentucky has two staples which Ohio has not, tobacco and hemp, but the annual value of both combined is not one-sixth of the value of the crops of hay which is peculiar to Ohio, compared with Kentucky.—The valuation of Kentucky exceeds that of Ohio, notwithstanding, says the Frankfort Yeoman, the preponderance of population in Ohio. The reason is, the one hundred and eighty thousand slaves of Kentucky are set down at \$50,000,000 value. Now Ohio has double the number of laborers—three hundred and sixty thousand; what shall they be assessed at? Freeman, virtuous citizens, were anciently esteemed the greatest wealth of a state. Slavery reverses

the rules of valuing property; which is not so surprising, since it reverses the laws of God and nature as to what may be the subjects of property and ownership.

But the Cincinnati Herald states the excess of the population of Ohio over that of Kentucky to be 24 per cent, that is, 1,519,457 to 779,828—the excess of capital invested in manufactures 185 per cent, in commerce 115 per cent, in the products of the forest and mines 60 per cent, and that the products of agriculture in Ohio are double those of Kentucky, tho' the latter has a million the most acres; in fact, that the corn and wheat crops of Ohio are worth the whole of the products of Kentucky, and that indeed the aggregate value of the latter, only exceeds by one-fourth the crop of hay alone in the former. The Herald seems to consider population "a fair measure of wealth," in countries "not crowded to excess." If two states are of equal area but of unequal population, the difference in their comparative wealth will be greater than in their comparative population—for the ratio of the increase of wealth will be greater than the ratio of the increase of population.

This depends on the principle that productive labor is wealth, and three laborers will do more than three times as much as one—as a three-fold cord has more strength than the single separate strands. An increasing number of free intelligent hands causes an efficiency of combination and division of labor, that will produce results of greater difference than the difference in the number of the hands.—*Herkshire Whig.*

Time versus Malthus.

THE LAST VERDICT.

"Stop!" and the end of the omnibus, looking to his left, beheld a very solemn gentleman—for he was a moral philosopher—and a very sharp little lady—for she was learned, waiting on the pavement. In and off, the moralist, before he retired the broken thread of his logical synthesis, looked round upon his neighbors. He sighed when he had done so, as well he might; for here at least was evidence of Nature's philosophy, instead of his own learned theory, which was to fill nations with gladness, by making mouths few and bread much—two babies, four children, a nation, and a young lady with a very bright wedding ring seen through her transparent glove, which very wickedly and designedly she made the most of. But don't I dream! woe! woe! babies' smiles, children's laughter, a young heart's joy, God's sunshine bright on Halloran pavement! sorrow! sorrow! more wiles to win the great pitfall of Pauperism and Despair. The philosopher could have put ashes on his head; he taught, and where were his disciples? Was there one?—Yes, do not despair, teaching moralist of a gloomy creed, for your platoon friend, the sharp little lady, has just taken her glance off the bride's orange flowers, and now, as you look, is abstracted from the sentimental ravings of the lady Belinda of her new cheerfulness has made you friends.

For put your eye hand upon the very human heart of Pauperism, and cry your curse upon its pure nature tenure of enjoyment, whilst she tickles the feeble appetite of all enjoying convention, by mawkish episodes regarding cold and hunger; very pleasant to read over a glowing fire; very digestive, possibly, after a luxurious meal. "Yet my moralities teach not," thinks the moralist: "it must be owing to the spirit of the time?" and my novels come forth to-day, and die tomorrow in a fashionable gazette, meditates the little lady. Yes, moralist; it is "the spirit of the time," which, disregarding the false, is teaching the universal and the true; which, disregarding the moralities of man, is teaching the moralities of nature, looking onward, not retrospectively; which sees visions nearer to God, than shall dreams of Time's sentinility; which is teaching its generation not to be lookers-on, but actors; and which is teaching it the wisdom of faith in goodness, cheerfulness, hope.

Till your moralities teach with this progressive sign, fruitless and barren will they be; till in your novels you put the common human heart, they will not sell.—Moralist and novelist, I tell you so! But my verdict waits!

Set down at the Bank, the philosophic friends walk onward side by side, through narrow streets, dull courts, recking alley, till they stand within an ancient city graveyard, where the dust of countless generations makes the earth-covering for the festering pauperism of yesterday. Yet even here the cheerful principle of life stands out as God's best angel, triumphant above the fear-invaded change which Presterfast calls Death, which Nature teaches is but a new step onward in the great spiritual march of Time. A daisy here, a tuft of sod there; broad pathways of sunlight along the workhouse grave, as above the costly marble of the plethoric-killed alderman; kneeling angels in the sun-gilded windows, typifying faith on earth and glory in heaven, still kneeling at their madriole centuries of prayer; a eaged yet joyous lark beside the cobbler's window across the churchyard wall, are visible not, for the moralist has already commenced his calculations, and so makes his way towards the sexton, who is shovelling the earth just beside the church porch.

Now it happens that Tapps, the above-mentioned lark-possessing cobbler, has been lured by the bright sun from awl and lapstone, and is standing there too, just as the moralist inquires of Mope the sexton the number and amount of burials made yearly, monthly, weekly, daily. When this information is noted down, there is a fresh question, as to age, sex, diseases.

"Why," replies Mope, after a moment's consideration, "they go off for want of wittles, and I take it that thousands lie here, as would a bin full of coffee, if there'd bin an easy way to the baker's shop. For sure, there'll be ho' gits in 't'is week; so it's true, 'specially in babies."

"And what makes the lark deaf, and the way to the baker's shop difficult?" asks the moralist, certain of a prime shot presently, both into the ears of the twinkling cobbler, and the dull sexton.

"Why, why," considers the sexton, and appealing by look to Tapps, "why a very little corn the one, and a very little money 't'other."

"Not my man," replies the moralist, "knowledge hasn't reached you, I see. It's a want of moral restraint that fills churchyards, and crams workhouses, makes

bread dear, and brings a curse upon the world. A man that has less than a hundred a year shouldn't marry; if he does, he acts against the laws of God and man. 'Too many creatures are born to starve, and rot, and die; and it isn't all nations pass laws against marriage, excepting only the case of the rich, the bread will be plentiful, and the coming ruin of the world prevented.—You see I do not preach without being a sort of moral precept in my own person. I am not married."

"So far you beat Malthus, sir, I think," says Tapps, "for he first put such a thing a-going, though he knew very well he was plucking a feather out of a Scotchman's cap. But now, sir, just allow me to ask you one natural question: Are you, with that clever-looking little lady by your side—are you the happier for not being married to her?"

"The little lady blushes, her heart beats, she turns away; the cobbler has propounded the first and foremost secret of her soul. But the moralist looks grave.

"The law of moral duty and that of nature are two different things; knowing this, am I to add another fraction to the preponderant woe of human misery?"

"Begging your pardon," says the easiest cobbler, "the laws of duty and nature are one; and I take it, that there's a deal of wise heads now, as look upon Parson Malthus's population affair as a great bubble, that wasted a deal of ink and paper, and that isn't all the pain besides; for ye see, sir, it ain't every parson's crochets are as quite so harmless as was that dear old Parson Adams's about his bits of sermons. And now, sir, if there is sumfen o' the truth in this early marriage matter, what's the cause o' it?"

"Man's natural bad passions, or perhaps, rather some inherent principle of nature, to over-populate beyond its means of subsistence; that thus only within a mark and bound, civilization shall make progress; that men shall dream futilely of a perpetual summer-time, forgetting the swarm of locusts that hover over to destroy."

"Well, sir, I differ," goes on the cobbler, digging his right hand stoutly into his left. "It's ignorance. Make a poor man less a brute; teach him, and there'll be the sale. I take it. Now, if Parson Malthus had written a good spelling-book, or a good story-book for instance, or a sumfen that would a really taught what a beautiful place this earth is, how full of blessings for every human creature as has breath, he'd a done more to cure wickedness o' the flesh, than he did with that sharp book o' his, which the bishops thumbed and thought sich a might about. Now, give a man sumfen to think about beside the public-house and the skittle-ground; give him cheap meat and bread, so as he may fill his belly, and then I take it ye'll find him a being as can reason, as won't slip into poverty on purpose, but keep single till there's a sumfen for a wife and bits o' children; and then if he does n't have 'em, the Lord bless his heart, ye'll find him a being as will a do."

"All very well, Mr. Tapps," says the moralist, somewhat pettishly; "human happiness, and more mouths than bread, are arguments that destroy one another. If you over-populate the earth—"

"If," interrupts Tapps, "the damb's very strong here. Why, in this here nation, what makes bread dear, and fills up with parish collops sich a place as this as Mope regulates? Why, bad laws. Now put these down, instead o' building work-houses, and separating a man from his better self, and there'll come corn enough.—For the earth is broad and fruitful, and nature's storehouse not half laid open. Then, when the world's ships may go free, when man may freely reap and saw, when ye've made him a feelin' sensible creature, knowing good from evil, he'll marry and be given in marriage, without more fear o' over-populating the earth than filling the sea with ten million fishes. And to this time I take it the world is a-going forward too, in spite o' Parson Malthus and his scholars. I take it, that there's no flun, though man's great solemn books may say there is. And so, sir, git married: there's the lightest o' it; and as I take it ye write books, let them be sich as'll help poor creatures into the light o' wisdom. And so, sir, git married, and give a verdict for Time against the Sundry Parson. For ye'll take the words o' Solomon, I reckon, better than sich as come from a cobbler; and what says he on these two pints o' a wife and population? why, sumfen wiser than the parson. Thus:—'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.' (Specially if she's a quiet tongue); and the 'other:—'In the multitude of people is the king's honor, and in the want of people is the destruction of the prince.' Only I'd suggest in this latter case, that one should have God's honor, instead o' king's; and the destruction of glorious human nature, instead o' them bits o' things in purple that men call princes. And so, sir, git married."

Just as Mr. Tapps has thus advised the moralist, what should step forth from the cool porch into the warm sunlight, but a strapping young fellow in a bran-new blue coat, and on his arm such a little, tiny, happy, trembling human flower, though not over-bare in money-bought gaudiness, that Mechin lace never shrouded in purer or prouder blushes. Well, they have just been married: the parson's blessing is yet an echo! Why, here is enough in strapping Tom Kittleink's looks, to confute the world's trumpet-blast against happiness unless in purple. Tapps wickedly winks, and chirps a merry ha! ha! as hearty as his lark hard by; the sexton rests on his spade; the moralist places his foot on a newly upturned skull, it may be accidentally, though I am afraid he had not such wisdom as Yorick had, to raise a glorious truth from insensient dust. Tapps, like his lark, has the first note, and it is a cheerful one, for he stops Tom Kittleink short, and thus adds a deeper glow to the little bride's downcast face.

"And so Tom," says Tapps, "this gentleman as is a noting down the 'rhythmic' o' dead human creatures, as sharp as a parish boy at an apple-stall—and all, I take it,

for them here parliament men—says as how to git married is to fall into the pit o' destruction, and so you'd better go home and make a day o' weeping on 't."

"O' merry-making," says Tom, all joyous, "as is proper with Mary here, and a stuffed joint of pork, and a precious plum-pudding. What! cry? Why, Lord bless the gentleman, a wedding day does but come once in a life; and it's worth a world o' care to come that once, as I think."

"The happiness of a day, the misery of years, my friend," speaks the now somewhat abstracted moralist, "the workhouse, the parish roffin, the slow-paced elmsy-parish doctor, the screaming child, the destitution, the want of mere bread, and last of all, the earth, (this earth, you understand!)"

"I do, master," speaks out Tom Kittleink still more stoutly, "and I've looked as far into the matter as a hard-working man, as a Barbican brazier, with no better learning than sich as parish schools strap and badge upon the poor, can do, and I don't see that God made sich blessed little creatures as my little Mary here, as flowers only to be worn in proud rich men's bosoms. Why, hope's for all on us, the sun's for all on us, and a man might as well persistently sit under a big down-turned butter, when the sun's shining, as to always be looking for'ards to evil. Not that we are a-going to rush into the parish arms, as I say; it's only when a man can't be worse off that he does that. But here I was, with fifteen shillings a-week a-coming in, a decent second floor back, a few bits o' things towards housekeeping; and my Mary a-pining and moping by herself, and both on us loving children, and wishing to have 'em to teach, and make 'em better than ourselves; and so I thought, as God didn't say no, then as go about with tracts and sich like shoddiness, and so we've seen the parson, and now we're just off to the roast pork and pudding, not caving a mortal human creature, but thankful for what I am, and for Mary here, sir."

"And I prophesy—" begins the moralist. "I say, sir," interrupts Tom Kittleink, "you must think better o' sich as us, and give us a lift by yer learning, instead of helping to put us down into the churchyard dust, as too many do. And I say, if ye will look thus in God's manner, ye'll be married by this day next year. For, Lord sir, there's a little dower there by yer side, don't overlook her, for matrimony is in her eyes, sir, as I've had experience by my Mary's. Come, my dear, and you, Tapps, mind you give us a look in to-night; there'll be backy, I reckon, and a song."

The moralist is about to say something, but the little lady whispered a little "nay" so near the truth, and so persuasive, that it is finer than speech lisped from the lips of a Lady Belinda; and Tapps drawing near too, adds something about "human nature," and this, too, has something so talismanic in it, that he turns

POETRY

Speak no ill.

Speak no ill! A kindly word,
As a spear level a sting behind,
And, all to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full of a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.
Give me the heart that can hold wide—
Would fain humanize the fault;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No; let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.
Then speak no ill!—but let him be
To others' faults as your own;
If you're the first to take to see,
Do not the first to know;
For he is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief his span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

SELECTIONS.

Did you ever know *anybody* to stick to *any kind* of business, no matter how unpromising, ten years, at most, who did not prosper? Not one! no matter how bad it might be in the beginning—if he stuck to it earnestly and faithfully, and tried nothing else, no matter how hard he may have found it sometimes to keep his head above water; still, if he persevered, he always came out bright in the long run—didn't he?—whatever it might be at the beginning, at the end of ten years he had made a business for himself.—*John Neal.*

Nature is truth. She is clothed with it as with a garment. She is a true copy every where, and at every moment of time, and through all changes. The heavens are true; the earth is true. The green leaf is true; and, also, the yellow leaf. The seasons are all true. The plants are all true. The stars and the planets, with their changing moons, are all true. There is truth in the heaving billows, and in the running streams; truth in the valleys, and on the mountain tops; truth in the ocean, and in the air; and truth in the myriad forms of animal life with which God has replenished them. And the great God himself, the author of all nature, and all this truth—HE, above all things, is true.—*Old Fellow's Magazine.*

SELF CONTROL.—Let no one say he cannot control his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying into action; for, what he can do before a prince or a great man he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.—*Christian Citizen.*

Speak your mind when it is necessary, and hold your tongue when you have nothing to say.

Let the slandered take comfort; it is only at the fruit tree that thieves throw stones. Happiness, like a snail, is never found from home.

We never knew a man or boy who from early life spoke truth and shunned a falsehood, that was not virtuous in all other respects, and who did not enjoy the confidence and esteem of society.

Prayer is the peace of our spirits, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempers. It is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.—*Western Herald.*

LEFT HIS U.S. IN KIND WORDS.—Phy brother is in the dock. Pass him not by. Temptation was too powerful for him; he yielded and has fallen. Phy him, say not a reproachful word. Cover his shame; and when he is himself use kind words, and then will restore him to virtue again.—Scenes of the tempted and fallen have been saved. The path to heaven is filled with holy spirits, who were once in the mire and dirt. Kindness saved them.—*Ky. Intelligence.*

WOMAN'S VOICE.—How consoling to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrow is the voice of an amiable woman. Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity; and as a gentle zephyr, refreshes the wearied senses with its soft and melodious tones. Batches may avail much in the hour of affliction; the firm embraces of men may alleviate for a time the sorrows of woe; but the angel voice of a woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart; and communicates a sensation of delicious composure, which the mind never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest felicity.

THE BROTHER.—Though poor, ragged, and degraded, the outcast is thy brother still. Why shun and despise him? In years past, a kind admonition, a pleasant word, might have saved him. Yet you refused to counsel him, and passed by scornfully. Now he is but a wreck of his former self. His ambition is destroyed, his energy is lost, and his heart is steeped in vice. There was a time, it may be, when his eyes were placed on virtue, and his feet were turned from destruction. That moment a look from you decided his fate. The lip of scorn was curled; contempt was expressed, and away he urged his steps to ruin. It is a pleasant reflection—“I might have saved a soul from vice and infamy, but I refused!”

Ye who have been仁慈 in duty, who have not eared when a brother erred and perished, awake to new life and be not slack in the performance of duty. It is not too late; scores may yet be saved by your judicious efforts; your counsels; your tears; your affectionate hearts; and open hands. A kiss is better than a blow; a tear more effectual than a kick; an open hand far preferable to a clenched fist.—Kindness is a moral lever, judiciously used, that will move the world, and raise it to life, light, and joy.

HUMBLE LIFE.—There is happiness in humble life, who can doubt it? The man who owns a few acres of land, and raises an abundance to supply the necessary wants of his family, can ask no more. If he is satisfied with his condition—and there are thousands so situated who are—no man is more happy. No political movement disturbs his repose; no speculating mania chases the calm serenity from his mind; no schisms in the church throw shadows beneath his golden sky. His family is the world to him; his little lot is all his care. Who sighs for such a life of calmness and serenity? Amid the cares and anxieties of business, who would not exchange his prospects and his honors for the repose of him who is contented and happy on his spot of ground, far from the noise and bustle of city life? If there is a situation congenial to the true spirit of man, and the growth of virtue, it is amid the rejoicings of nature—in the calm retirement of rural life.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SIKHS.

Sometimes at Florence, in the midst of a cavatina, or *passed-dent*, a bell with a sharp, shrill, exhorting sound, will be heard; it is the bell of the *misericordia*. Listen! if it sound but once, it is for some ordinary accident, if twice, for one of a serious nature; if it sound three times, it is a case of death. If you look around, you will see a slight stir in some of the boxes, and it will often happen that the person you have been speaking to, if a Florentine, will excuse himself for leaving you, and take his hat and depart. You inquire what the bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told that it is the bell of the *misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order. This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1241, on occasion of the frequent pestilences which at that period desolated the town; and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration except in its details—with none in its charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen are gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these, representing the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added five hundred laborers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people. The seat of brotherhood is in the place of the *Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the *penitents*—with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately upon the occurrence of any accident or disaster is brought to the brother who is on guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice, or three, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering has befallen his pious offices; he puts on his black robe and broad belt, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery calls him. If it is to some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel; the nobleman and the day-laborer, clothed in the same robe, support together the same taper; and the hawk which unites these two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried out, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around them, and always on some worn-out piece of furniture there will be found a pious alms, deposited by some unknown hand. The grand duke himself is a member of this fraternity; and I have been assured that more than once at the sound of that melancholy bell he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side with a day-laborer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had been afterwards detected only by the alms he had left behind.—*Dumas in Italy.*

A Word to Women about War.—There is something from the pen of Douglas Jerrold. It is an extract from a letter purporting to be written by Juniper Hedgehog to his cousin Ebenezer Prime, of the town of Nansfield. It suggests a successful remedy for that scurfiest vice which has so long prevailed among tall, patriotic boys on both sides of the Atlantic. Sometimes, Ebenezer, we hear of plans to raise women in what they call the social scale. I've no objection, I'm sure; and should like very well to see the plan tried. Nevertheless, I do think, when I reflect on the mischief of war,—I do think that woman might give man a lift. But then she is such an odd, contradictory thing!—else, at once, she'd set her precious face against cutting throats, and wouldn't think slaughter a bit the better, because done by nice young men in red coats, with colors flying, and trumpets braying.

(By the bye, Ebenezer, when I think of what the trumpet really does—how it sets man upon man—and makes blood burn against blood—braying seems a capital word for it. I don't think, though, that there's some meaning in it, depend on't,—that a trumpet and a jackass, are the only things that bray.)

Now, here's a chance for women, Ebenezer! If they'd only follow the example of my cousin Johanna! (What a member of Parliament that girl would have made!) She was going to be married to Samson Cream, a young man in the perfumery line. They were so near it, that if the ring was n't bought, they'd often (through the windows) looked at it. Well, he's very bad with this militia disease—this scurf fever; and in the pride of his powder-puff heart, told Johanna that he'd no doubt be once a corporal. Wherefore the girl at once told him that he must either give up all thoughts of pipeclay or of her—that she'd never take a cartridge-box to her arms—and when she married, would by no means, have a husband with feathers. So if Samson won't consent to moult he loses Johanna. The girl's only a maid-of-all-work—but may any man break her knees again, if she is n't a pattern for courtesans. I'm sure of it; if she won't be resolute to take the matter in hand, they might just as well let war all over the world. And they ought to do it; 'twould be the prettiest feat of the prettiest age they could wear—that feather they might sport to their honor and glory. But I contend that it's woman's own work—that they call her mission, if properly understood. Let me explain.

There's a baby born. A little helpless, crying thing that's made a love of from the first minute—and bringing, who shall say, what a heap of love with it? Well, the pretty little animal is carefully swaddled, and powdered, and all sorts of care taken of it—the thing becoming in a very little time such a treasure, that the Bank of England wouldn't be taken for it. And this thing—that there's been such fear and such love about, and such a lot of love—with its little tooth, and its meekness, and its running mother's lap and its belief, and the Lord's Prayer—this blessed thing has only been born, and nursed, and dandled, and put in two with a broadsword, or blown to pieces with cannon shot. Depend upon it, if women knew their true dignity, as it is called—they wouldn't suffer it. No; they'd think better of what they were made for, and wouldn't rear children for bayonets and bullets. Some of these days, Ebenezer, they may think of these things; but at present, a woman will run after gun powder, just as a puss will run after valerian.

Curiosity.—Hon. Joseph Williams, while performing the round of his circuit in the second judicial district, procured at Fort Des Moines a very singular and perfect specimen of the animal kind. It is a part of the left side of a jaw of some very large animal, resembling the crocodile. Some idea of the animal may be formed from the size of the molars or grinders, two of which are perfectly sound. One of these teeth measures a foot in circumference.

There are six sharp and strongly set teeth, and no species or degree of teeth to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians, quakers, and politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel, and the State quarrels, nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after he has done one; it degrades the bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told that it is the bell of the *misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order. This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1241, on occasion of the frequent pestilences which at that period desolated the town; and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration except in its details—with none in its charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen are gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these, representing the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added five hundred laborers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people. The seat of brotherhood is in the place of the *Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the *penitents*—with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately upon the occurrence of any accident or disaster is brought to the brother who is on guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice, or three, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering has befallen his pious offices; he puts on his black robe and broad belt, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery calls him. If it is to some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel; the nobleman and the day-laborer, clothed in the same robe, support together the same taper; and the hawk which unites these two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried out, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around them, and always on some worn-out piece of furniture there will be found a pious alms, deposited by some unknown hand. The grand duke himself is a member of this fraternity; and I have been assured that more than once at the sound of that melancholy bell he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side with a day-laborer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had been afterwards detected only by the alms he had left behind.—*Dumas in Italy.*

One of the most easy, and most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman, or child, or upon what pretence, or what occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in

it, and no species or degree of teeth to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians, quakers, and politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel, and the State quarrels, nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after he has done one; it degrades the bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told that it is the bell of the *misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order. This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1241, on occasion of the frequent pestilences which at that period desolated the town; and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration except in its details—with none in its charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen are gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these, representing the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added five hundred laborers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people. The seat of brotherhood is in the place of the *Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the *penitents*—with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately upon the occurrence of any accident or disaster is brought to the brother who is on guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice, or three, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering has befallen his pious offices; he puts on his black robe and broad belt, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery calls him. If it is to some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel; the nobleman and the day-laborer, clothed in the same robe, support together the same taper; and the hawk which unites these two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried out, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around them, and always on some worn-out piece of furniture there will be found a pious alms, deposited by some unknown hand. The grand duke himself is a member of this fraternity; and I have been assured that more than once at the sound of that melancholy bell he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side with a day-laborer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had been afterwards detected only by the alms he had left behind.—*Dumas in Italy.*

The Sikhs.—Nanae, the great prophet or reformer of the Punjab, was born in 1619, and his reformation was nearly contemporary with that of Luther in Europe. He did not pretend to work miracles; and it was said by him that a holy teacher needed no other defence than the purity of his doctrines. His followers were called Sikhs, or disciples, and for more than a hundred years increased in number without exciting the jealousy of their Mahometan rulers.

About 1806, Argunwall, who was a priest of the Sikhs, improved their sacred looks, and first gave a form and union to the Sect. He left a victim to the revenge of the government. Under his son, Har Govind, the Sikhs took up arms to avenge the death of their revered ruler, and for a time irreconcilable hatred sprang up between the followers of Nanae, and Mahomet.

In the government of Gurn Govind, the grandson of Har Govind, the Sikhs took the form of a nation, and materially altered the fundamental doctrines of their religion. The object of Nanae had been to purify the religion of Brahma, which he united with his own, and treated with great respect; but Gurn Govind broke all terms with the Hindoos, abolished caste, and made the equality of all men the basis of his doctrine. He required every individual to devote himself to arms, and all ways to have about him steel in one shape or other. He gave the nation the name of *Sikhs*, or lion, a name of distinction assumed by the first military class of Hindoos.

Gurn Govind was, after a long contest, overwhelmed by the arms of Aurangzeli, and the Sikhs were long persecuted mercilessly by the Mahometans. They recovered their liberty at the death of Nadir Shah, in 1717, and retorted the cruelties they had suffered. The Mahometans now, in turn, appear to be highly pleased by their severe chastisement by the English.

As early as 1814 they were supposed to be able to send 100,000 horse into the field; since their resources have been developed and improved, their power consolidated, and their discipline perfected (through the means of French officers), by Rungtee Singh, the firm ally of England.

From the time of his death they have resembled Prussian Cohorts in the old age of the Roman empire, and established a purely military government, which, from its nature, could not long refrain from aggression upon its neighbors. They have now been taught that there are generals more skillful, and soldiers more resolute than themselves.

The creed of the Sikhs, says Col. Malcolm, is pure Deism. They admit no images; their worship is simple and spiritual. Mr. Wilkins relates that he visited one of their places of worship: when he asked permission to enter, he was told it was open to all mankind; he was admitted, in token of respect, to take off his shoes.

In the elevated there was an altar, covered with a gold cloth, upon which was laid a sword, covered by a round black shield. On a desk, near the altar, was placed a large book. An old man, with a reverend silver beard, kneeling before the desk (attended by a person with a drum, and two or three others with cymbals), opened the book, and chanted to the tune given them. At the conclusion of every verse, the congregation joined in a response. It was a hymn in praise of the Deity.

A young man next stood forward, and pronounced with a loud and distinct accent, a kind of litany, in which, at certain periods, all the people joined in a general response of “Wa Goo-roo.” They prayed against temptation, for grace to do good, for the general good of mankind, and for an especial blessing on the Sikhs. A short benediction from the old man, and an invitation to a friendly feast, concluded the ceremony.

Nanae taught the omnipresence of God, and that he dwells not more particularly in one place than another—(note enlightened in this than some Christians, who still imagine that the Most High dwelleth in temples made with hands); and especially in a particular part of the building, which they frequently bow to). Nanae was reproached by the Mahometans for lying with his feet towards the house of God. “Turn them,” said he, “if you can, where the house of God is not.”

He taught his followers three things especially: 1st, To worship the name of God; 2d, Charity; 3d, Abstinence; and that they must not seclude themselves from the world, nor do ill to any being, for that into all the breath of God is infused. He said that he himself was directed to put on armor that would harm no one; that his coat of mail was to be that of the understanding; that he was to convert all his enemies into friends; that he was to fight with valor, but with no other weapon than the word of God.

It is evident that this high-minded, bold-thinking people, with their freedom from idolatry and from caste, and with a religion imperfect, indeed, and unauthoritative, yet comparatively pure and benevolent, are, humanly speaking, the most promising subjects among the Eastern nations for the operation of the religion of their conquerors, agreeing with their own in many particulars, and transcending it in all.

THE JEWS.—We are used to consider Jews only as pedlars and money-jobbers; we have not been accustomed to think of them as occupying professorships in the first universities of Europe, as being members of national senates, as leading on national armies to victory, and as sitting in the cabinet of nations. Annihilate them, their property, their influence, and their relations with society, and the world would receive a shock from which it would not recover for centuries. The following passages quoted from B. D. Israheli, himself a Jew, and a member of the British Parliament, may require a little abatement on the score of national bias and of the manner in which the facts are put, but in their general outlines they are true. It is the language of a Rothschild, under the title of Sidonia, to Coningsby:

“You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy, which alarmed Western Europe, is organized and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution, which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and a greater reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of Spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous in the same university, is a Jew. I think there are more than ten professors in this university, who are Jews.”

A few years ago we were appealed to by Russia. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian minister of Finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain.

On replying to Spain from Russia, I traveled without interruption. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Navarre Christiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult the president of the French council. I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts?

“And is Saul a Hebrew?”

“Yes; and several of the French marshals, and the most famous—Massena, for example; his real name was Manasseh; but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultation was, that some Northern power should be applied to in a friendly and mediative spirit. We fixed on Prussia, and the president of the council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not beheld the scenes.”

“But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which in spite of all your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combination, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Canossa, and which we have preserved impudently, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music—that science of the harmonious sounds which the ancients recognized as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past, though were I to enter into the history of the Lords of melody, you would find it in the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that are not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, distinguished musician—almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate—too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds, to whose exquisite inventions all minds at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, are of the Hebrew race, and little do you men of fashion—your ‘museums’ of Paris, and your dandies of London—as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel!”

TRYING IT.—A traveling correspondent of the *Morning News*, writing from Louisiana, describes a Christmas frolic of Slaves, and thus ‘improves’ the circumstance:

“How little is known at the North of Southern slavery. I cannot doubt, that any candid man, who would come here and examine for himself, would decide that the negroes are as well off in proportion to their capacities, as the laboring population of any country in the world. I believe that there are some millions of free-born Englishmen would jump, as they are capable of jumping, for the privilege of changing places with them, and rather than starve as now, they might be willing to take their woolly heads and shining black faces in the bargain.”

Curiosity.—Hon. Joseph Williams, while performing the round of his circuit in the second judicial district, procured at Fort Des Moines a very singular and perfect specimen of the animal kind. It is a part of the left side of a jaw of some very large animal, resembling the crocodile. Some idea of the animal may be formed from the size of the molars or grinders, two of which are perfectly sound. One of these teeth measures a foot in circumference.

There are six sharp and strongly set teeth, and no species or degree of teeth to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians, quakers, and politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel, and the State quarrels, nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after he has done one; it degrades the bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told that it is the bell of the *misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order. This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1241, on occasion of the frequent pestilences which at that period desolated the town; and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration except in its details—with none in its charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen are gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these, representing the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added five hundred laborers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people. The seat of brotherhood is in the place of the *Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the *penitents*—with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately upon the occurrence of any accident or disaster is brought to the brother who is on guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice, or three, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering has befallen his pious offices; he puts on his black robe and broad belt, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery calls him. If it is to some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel; the nobleman and the day-laborer, clothed in the same robe, support together the same taper; and the hawk which unites these two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried out, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around them, and always on some worn-out piece of furniture there will be found a pious alms, deposited by some unknown hand. The grand duke himself is a member of this fraternity; and I have been assured that more than once at the sound of that melancholy bell he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side with a day-laborer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had been afterwards detected only by the alms he had left behind.—*Dumas in Italy.*

That craven, servile creature! Why won't some slave-trader black his face (if not black enough already) and sell him off to Texas, to lead ‘expatriated’ to ‘freedom’ by delving in cane-fields at nothing a day but a flogging for supper? The free-born Englishman has a wife whom no brutal master can violate before his eyes with legal impunity, and daughters whom no ruffian overseer may lash in cotton or cane-fields, or constrain to debauchery and brutal licentiousness—the law sustaining and shielding him. The ‘freeborn Englishman’ may have too little bread for his family, but the law is his shield against personal injury or degradation; nobody can sell his wife or children away from his sight forever, or drive them to a distant market chained in gangs, as if they were dangerous wild beasts. The Englishman who wants bread to-day may be Prime Minister or Chief Justice before he dyes; meantime his oath must be taken in all the courts of his country, against the greatest tyranny, and may bring to condign punishment the lordly tyrant in the land. Why does nobody ever petition to be made a slave? Men seek death and every other form of calamity except slavery—why do all shrink from that?—One would suppose that some of these dough-faces would take the medicine that they think so pleasant for others.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Water-Cure in America.

In answer to various letters which have been addressed to us, making inquiries with regard to Water-Cure, we will state generally that we know of six places in this country where the diseases of the human constitution are systematically treated by water, after the manner of Priessnitz, and these—commencing with the most northern and passing regularly southward, are as follows:

Dr. Wesselhoof's at *Brattleborough*, Vt. D. Campbell's at *New-Lebanon Springs*, Columbia Co., N. Y. Dr. J. Shew's at 47 Bond st., in this City. Dr. G. T. Dexter's at *Morrisstown*, N. J. Dr. Sheffelecker's in *Philadelphia*; and Dr. F. Liesener's at *Ephrata*, Lancaster Co., Pa., some 60 miles from Phila.

Mrs. Gove, 267 Tenth st., in this City, also applies the water treatment, but to women only.

The who have asked us to advise them which is the best establishment in this country, are informed that neither our general knowledge of water-cure nor our acquaintance with these several establishments is such as to warrant us in giving the opinion they seek. Drs. Wesselhoof and Sheffelecker were eminent practitioners of the doctrine of the Homeopathic school; Dr. Dexter and Shew, we believe, are of the old or regular medical school. Dr. D. spent some years as a surgeon in the service of our Government, and is known to the Profession as an author. Mr. Campbell was for years favorably known as the conductor of the *Health Journal*, published at Boston. We believe they are all upright, worthy men, who would scorn to delude with false hopes any one who should apply to them for advice and treatment.

As yet we believe there is no establishment in this country to compare with that of Priessnitz or some of the best in England. Even that first requisite of the Water treatment—Pure, Cold Water, in abundance—is not fully attained in any one within our knowledge. Mr. Campbell's is probably the amplest supply except those of Dr. Shew here and Dr. Sheffelecker in Philadelphia, which we should think hardly could be enough for the most effective use in dog-days. What is really wanted is not two or three good springs merely, however pure, but a dozen of them, or a cold mountain torrent, formed by the union of such and used near their sources. This will come. Meantime, that Water will cure *every thing* we do not say nor believe; but that it has cured very many serious afflictions which had baffled the ordinary Medical treatment, we are sure. We have witnessed its efficacy especially in Scrophulous and kindred diseases, but not in these only. Water is no new remedy; the oldest authorities of Medicine recommend it; the best physicians use it, and are beginning to employ it more copiously. Time was when it was deemed fatal to allow a man scorched by a raging fever a cooling draught of Water; but it is not so now. Water and Electricity—the former to soothe, to cleanse, to renovate; the latter to restore activity or vigor which has been lost through disease or derangement—will yet be recognized and treated by the Faculty as two of nature's own remedial agents, the most powerful and universal. Like Vaccination and the circulation of the blood, they are destined to make their way over whatever may oppose them, being based on immutable Truth.

AGRICULTURAL.—AN ITEM OF NATURAL HISTORY.—I observed this morning (5th mo, 1816) that the cucumber bug had made its appearance for the first time this season, so far as I have seen; and for want of cucumber plants in my garden, which are not yet up, they have commenced their depredations upon what was once used as an ornamental vine, but proves to be also a troublesome weed, the single-seeded cucumber (*Sicyos angulata*).

Hundreds of these plant, had sprung up, and put forth from one to five true leaves on the under side of the seminal leaves of every one exposed to the sun, were found from one to six bugs, or extensive marks of their feeding. In the shade, not one of all the plants examined, (perhaps one or two hundred) had this insect on it; nor was there any evidence that the bugs had molested a single leaf.

The *Sicyos* belongs to the same natural family as the cucumber. The same day, I found a great number of the striped bugs on my own and my neighbors' quince trees, which were in full bloom; and perceiving a number of petals to be cut into holes, and no other insects at hand to charge with the depredation, I watched them closely for about twenty minutes, and then caught one of them in the very act of feasting upon a petal. The quince is not allied to the cucurbitaceous plants.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Take as much soft soap as will cover the thumb nail, and mix it with meal-dough. Give it to the chickens at any stage of the disease. If this fails on the first application, it rarely does on the second.—*American Farmer.*

CHARCOAL.—The preservative qualities of Charcoal are not so well known as they should be, and I hope you will tell your readers, that if they will imbibe their smoked beef and pork in pulverized charcoal, they may keep them as long as they please without regard to weather.

Tell them also that they will take about a pint of charcoal, also pulverized and put into a bag, then put into a barrel of new cider, it can never ferment, will never become any intoxicating quality, and will become more and more palatable the longer it is kept. Further, take a piece of charcoal, and

coal, of the surface equal to a cubic inch, wrap it in a clean cotton cloth two thicknesses, and make moist, and work about one pound of butter which has become rancid, and it will restore it perfectly.—*Mich. Farmer.*

TO CURE CORN BOILING.—Take your corn, either on the ear or carefully shelled, beans in the pods, dip them in boiling water, and carefully dry them in the shade, where there is free circulation of air, and our word for it, you can have as good *succolash* in February as in August.—*Furmer's Gazette.*

OLIVE OIL.—This article seldom reaches us in a perfectly pure state, and its effects, on that account, are often deleterious rather than beneficial. The following receipt for its purification, may therefore be of service to some:—Mix with water; agitate it violently, then let it settle and turn off the oil. The mucilage which produces rancidity is separated from the oil, and remains in the water. Oils obtained by compression contain mucilage, and other matters, which may be separated by this simple process.

Horticulturalists say, that the best way to kill weeds on asparagus beds, is to water them with beef or pork brine, or any salt brine. The salt kills the weeds while it nourishes the asparagus, which is a maritime plant, and grows the better for having salt.

PLANTING.—PLACE FOR FLOWER BEDS.—It is an every-day observation, that the position of the leaves and flowers of plants is more or less determined by the action of solar light; yet I do not remember having seen any evidence that florists have ever availed themselves of this property